



YES, THE SOIL TRACKED IN BY THE INTRUDER CONTAINS TRACES OF COAL DUST, ALFRED!

BUT, SIR, THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS OF PLACES HE COULD HAVE PICKED IT UP!

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL--THIS SOIL IS **NOT** FROM THE SURFACE. IT CAME FROM DEEP DOWN IN THE EARTH!

SUBTERRANEAN SOIL... COAL DUST. IT COULD ONLY HAVE COME FROM A **MINE**!

EXACTLY, ALFRED!

THERE'S AN ABANDONED COAL MINE NORTH OF THE CITY! IT WAS WORKED OUT YEARS AGO!

BUT THERE MUST STILL BE PLENTY OF COAL DUST IN IT--AND IT WOULD BE AN IDEAL HIDEOUT FOR CRIMINALS!

WAIT, SIR! YOU MUST CONSIDER WHAT YOU'RE DOING! THAT MAN WHO CALLED KNOWS YOUR SECRET IDENTITY!

TRUE...

BUT I SWORE ON MY PARENTS' GRAVE THAT I'D FIGHT **ALL** CRIMINALS... NO MATTER **WHAT**!

I **MUST** DO THAT... EVEN IF IT MEANS THE **END** OF THE **BATMAN**!

THERE GOES **THE BATMAN**... TO FOLLOW THE **FALSE CLUE** I PLANTED!

NOW TO SLIP INSIDE AND FIND WHERE HE KEEPS HIS EXTRA EQUIPMENT FOR HIS UTILITY BELT!

IF THINGS GO AS I THINK, THEN I KNOW WHAT HE'LL NEED TO REPLACE... AND I'LL HAVE THE REPLACEMENTS **BOOBY-TRAPPED**!

NO REASON FOR A MAN TO HIDE IN AN OLD MINE UNLESS HE'S A CRIMINAL!

SO I'LL HAVE TO BRING HIM IN... EVEN THOUGH HE CAN EXPOSE MY IDENTITY!

WELL, **THIS** IS IT!

NEED MY UTILITY BELT FLASH TO FIND MY WAY THROUGH HERE.

WONDER WHAT I'LL FIND AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS SHIFT?

THERE THEY ARE! AND I **KNOW** THEM!



WHEN DAN AND TROY ARRIVE AT THE FISHING LODGE, THEY ARE GREETED BY THE TALKATIVE CARETAKER, CLYDE CARRAWAY!

JUST ASK ANYONE, BENTTS... THEY'LL TELL YA OL' CLYDE IS A HANDY CUSS TO HAVE AROUND!



I'M THE BEST WARMINT SHOOTER ON THE WHOLE DAMNED MOUNTAIN!... I CAN FIX BUST'D PLUMBIN'...



I'M AN EXPERT FISHERMAN!... COURSE, YOU DON'T NEED HELP ON THAT SCORE, DO YA, MR. YOUNGSTOWN?



I CHECKED YOUR FISHIN' GEAR, MR. YOUNGSTOWN!... IT'S RARIN' TO GO!

THAT WAS THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, CLYDE... BUT AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, I DON'T...



PSHAH!... A LITTLE ICE IN THE GUIDES TESTS A MAN'S SKILL... AN' I HEAR TELL YOU'RE A TRUE EXPERT!



IN THE MORNIN' WE'LL DRAB SOME 'GRIZZLY KINGS' THROUGH THE STREAM AN' CATCH US A MESS OF BREAKFAST BROOKIES!... WHAT DO Y' SAY TO THAT... EH?

I SAY, 'HELLO!'



I GOT A BUNCH OF HOME-TIED TROUT FLIES, MR. YOUNGSTOWN... I'LL BRING 'EM IN THE MORNIN'!

DON'T BOTHER, CLYDE... DAN AND I, ER... HAVE BUSINESS IN TOWN!



YOU'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT WORK WHEN YA LOOK AT THE STREAM, SON!... SEE YA AT SUN-UP!



THE OLD MAN'S TONGUE FINALLY RAN OUT OF GAS... HE'S LEAVING!

YOU TAKE THE FIRST WATCH! CALL ME IF THEY STEP OUTSIDE THE LODGE!



'GRIZZLY KINGS'??  
'BROOKIES'??... CLYDE CARRAWAY SPEAKS STRANGE LANGUAGE, TROY?

IT WAS 'FISHERMAN' TALK, DAN... AND I DON'T UNDERSTAND ONE WORD!



LET'S START LOOKING FOR THOSE STOLEN SECURITIES! I PLAN TO BE LONG GONE WHEN THE OLD MAN RETURNS!



\* AS DAN AND TROY BECOME ENGROSSSED IN THEIR SEARCH, THEY FAIL TO HEAR THE MUFFLED SOUND OF AN AUTOMOBILE HOOD BEING CLOSED!



IF YOU WERE A THIEF, DAN... WHERE WOULD YOU HIDE TEN MILLION BUCKS?

I THINK WE'RE GROWLING UP THE WRONG TREE, TROY! THE F.B.I. SAID THE LOOSE WAS SEARCHED A DOZEN TIMES!



BUT, IF YOU'RE GONNA PLAY DETECTIVE, I'LL MOVE OUR CAR CLOSER TO THE HOUSE!



MOMENTS LATER...

CRASH, BEAST!... YOU WERE RUNNIN' LIKE A WATCH A FEW MINUTES AGO!



I HEARD YOU MUTTERING NASTY WORDS, DAN!... WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

DARNED IF I KNOW, TROY! THIS BUNK OF IRON REFUSES TO RUN!



MY KNOWLEDGE OF THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE DOESN'T EXTEND MUCH BEYOND WIRE WHEELS! AND TIRE KICKIN'!



(GULP)...BUT I DON'T HAPTA BE A MECHANIC TO KNOW THAT THE DISTRIBUTOR CAR IS MISSING, TROY, BABY!... SOMEONE DOESN'T WANT US TO LEAVE!

SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL OUR READERS, FROM SANDRO AT FOUNDRY '84-'85





FLASH—JUNIOR  
AMBUSH!



YOUR GRENADE  
SILENCED THEM,  
KENOMA!

DO WE  
GO IN?

THERE MAY BE  
MORE SNIPERS  
IN THERE!



LET'S NOT KEEP  
THEM WAITING,  
ARAM!



THOSE SNIPERS WERE  
UPSTAIRS! SOMEONE  
ELSE DID THIS!



SOMEONE GOT  
HERE BEFORE  
US!

THESE WERE  
OUR CONTACTS,  
THEN!

WIPED  
OUT!



SOME SURPRISE  
MISSION! WE  
WERE GREETED AT  
THE LANDING  
SITE!

AND  
NOW  
HERE!



LOOKS LIKE WE'VE  
WOUND DOWN TO  
A DEAD HALT!  
WHAT NOW?

BACK TO  
THE ROCK?

THAT WON'T  
WIN US A  
PAROLE!



ANY  
SURVIVORS?

THE GRENADE GOT  
TWO SNIPERS! NO  
SIGN OF ANYONE  
ELSE, FLASH!



OUR ONLY CONTACTS  
MURDERED... AFTER  
THEY LEAKED THE  
INFO ON OUR  
ARRIVAL!

WE CAME TO  
SAVE TWO PLANET,  
FLASH! WHY NOT  
LET THE ROGS IN  
ON IT?



WELL! SOME  
BACKWARD  
PRIMITIVE  
PLANET!



I FEAR WE WERE  
BADLY INFORMED  
ABOUT THIS  
"PRIMITIVE" PLANET,  
FLASH!

SNIPERS WITH  
ADVANCED RIFLES  
... NOW THIS!

WHATEVER  
IT IS!



YOU BOYS BLURRED  
OVER YOUR  
HOMEWORK!

ROGS WAS  
OCCUPIED BY A RACE  
OF STAR-  
TRAVELERS!



BUT THAT WAS  
CENTURIES  
AGO!

THEY WALKED  
IT DRY  
AND LEFT!

THAT'S WHAT  
OUR OBSERVATION  
TEAMS TELL ME,  
KENOMA!



IT'S AN ALIEN  
ARRANGEMENT!  
BUT ONE THING  
SEEMS CLEAR...

IF IT WAS A  
COMPUTER... IT  
WOULDN'T WORKED  
IN AGES...

PERHAPS  
CENTURIES,  
BARON?



PERHAPS, FLASH!  
BUT NOTICE  
SOMETHING VERY  
INTERESTING!

YOU SEE MY  
WHITE GLOVES?

WHAT IS  
WRONG?

OF COURSE! THERE  
IS NO DUST!

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE



LATER THAT EVENING, AT THE CASINO ROYALE, JAMES BOND WALKED TO THE TOP CHEAMIN DE FER TABLE AND CAUGHT THE EYE OF MONSIEUR NO. 1, CHIEF DE JEU OF THE HOUSE GAMBLERS...



ONE HUNDRED FRANCS MINIMUM, AND THEY'RE OPENING AT FIVE HUNDRED—ABOUT FORTY POUNDS. SERIOUS MONEY!

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE



THE GAME WAS COOL, BOND REMEMBERED THE SHOW TRAVEL SLOWLY AROUND THE TABLE, EACH BANKER IN TURN BOWING DOWN ON THE THIRD COUP, AND THEN...

BIANCO!



WE WON, AND NOT UNTIL THE FIFTH TURN AND NOT UNTIL THE FIFTH TURN...

LOST, DAMMIT—BUT I'VE STILL CLEARED OVER £3000!



NOW HE MUST BE CAREFUL—BUT NOT TOO CAREFUL. NOW HE MUST GET TIGHT—BUT NOT FOR TOO LONG...

THIS WAS TURNING OUT TO BE A BLINDING EVASION!

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE



AND THEN, TURNING ONE WAY, BOND HAD SEEN MANY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, BUT THIS ONE, SOMEHOW, DISTURBED HIM, EXCITED HIM, DREW DOWN, IN A DIFFERENT WAY...



IF SHE HANDLES CARDS LIKE SHE HANDLES CARS—THIS IS GOING TO BE INTERESTING!

WE HAD HIS WEALTH, SHE WAS GOING TO PLAY...

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE



THE GOLDEN ARMS OF THE GEE, WHO HAD BEGUN JAMES BOND TO ENJOY HIS FIRST ONE £1000 WORTH OF CARDS...

UN BIANCO DE VINGT MILLE!

BIANCO!



THE CARDS WERE PLAYED AND DELICATELY PLACED BY THE FORTYMAN, BOND COULDN'T REMEMBER. SHE HAD LOST THE ANGLO IN ONE CARELESS, DISINTERESTED SWEEP.



AND THEN...

MINE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. JE REGRETTE, MIGNON.

OH WELL—THAT'S DONE IT! SHE WASN'T GOT THE MACHINERY! AND SHE CAN'T GET ANY CREDIT!

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE



TO BE UNABLE TO REMEMBER A GAMBLING NIGHT, THAT IS THE COUP DU DESHONNEUR!...

...IT SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN, FOR THE COMMISSAIRE THOMAS DE VINCENZO, IT WOULD MEAN SOCIAL DESTRUCTION.



JAMES BOND MADE UP HIS MIND...

FORGIVE ME...



MADAME WAS FORGOTTEN THAT WE AGREED TO PLAY IN PARTNERSHIP THIS EVENING...

I BRID YOUR PERSON, MY MIND WAS BUSYWHERE, LET THE GAME CONTINUE.

**James Bond**  
BY IAN FLEMING  
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE



BOND LOOKED AT THE BANKER—THE MAN WHO HAD WON FOR HIM FORTY HUNDRED POUNDS FOR THE SAKE OF A BANK HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW.

IT WOULD BE FUN TO PLAY THE MEMBER AFTER SAVING THE GEE!



UN BIANCO DE QUARANTE MILLE!



A MAN—THE NAME OF SCOTLAND! THE BEST! AGAINST MY FIVE, HE WINS!

ANOTHER DAY BEGINS... AND IN THE COUNTY ORPHANS HOME...



...GOOD MORN... IS SOMETHING WRONG, SIR?

IT'S RANDY MIX - AGAIN, MISS PRESCOTT!



A GUARD FOUND HIM IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY LATE LAST NIGHT!... SECOND TIME THIS WEEK!... THE POLICE FINALLY BROUGHT HIM BACK!

RANDY'S A STRANGE BOY, SIR!



I AGREE!... BUT HE WON'T BE OUR PROBLEM MUCH LONGER!



...RANDY MIX WON'T BE WITH US MUCH LONGER, MISS PRESCOTT!... HIS FOSTER PARENTS ARE ARRIVING TODAY!

DIRECTOR

OKS... SHALL I TELL HIM TO GET READY, SIR?



HE'S CONFINED TO HIS ROOM! DO YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS?

YES... I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE FINDING HIM!



BUT MOMENTS LATER... RANDY? ... RANDY?!



SIR, RANDY MIX ISN'T IN HIS ROOM, OR ANYWHERE IN THIS BUILDING!

AND HIS FUTURE FOSTER PARENTS DUE TO ARRIVE SOON!... WHAT A TIME TO GO AWOL... AGAIN!



MISS PRESCOTT, CALL THE PLACES RANDY MIGHT VISIT!... YOU KNOW HIS PREFERENCES!

YES, SIR!



COLTY ORPHANS HOME



15-23



...YEP! YOU FIT THE DESCRIPTION!

O-DESCRIPTION?



THE DESCRIPTION FITS!... SAME CLOTHES... SAME COLOR HAIR AND EYES...

W-WINE, SIR?



YEP! YOU'VE GOT TO BE THE MIX KID! WHO HAS A HABIT OF RUNNING AWAY FROM...

15-24



COME BACK HERE!



I'M SURE YOU'LL BOTH FIND HIM A VERY UNUSUAL LAD!... JUST AS SOON AS...

DIRECTOR



SIR! RANDY MIX IS BACK!... SHALL I TAKE HIM UP TO HIS ROOM?

NOT YET! HIS FOSTER PARENTS ARE HERE WAITING TO MEET... UM...



A LADY GOES TO ALL!

15-25

Jeff Hawke  
BY SIDNEY JORDAN

FIFTEEN  
MINUTES  
OUT FROM  
WORKSMIRE...

HOW HOW CAN  
WE BE OVER  
AUSTRALIA?

I MAKE US  
SOMEWHERE OVER  
THE CENTRAL TERRITORIES,  
A THOUSAND MILES  
FROM ANYWHERE...

AN UNDERSTANDABLE INABILITY  
TO FACE UP TO FACTS...

BUT NOW DO  
WE GET TO  
BRUSSELS?

YOU CAN FORGET  
ABOUT BRUSSELS.  
LOOK, WE'VE GOT  
ENOUGH FUEL FOR  
ABOUT EIGHT HUNDRED  
MILES...

... AND NO FOOD, AND  
PROBABLY A JOSTLE OF  
WATER, AND NOWHERE TO  
CONTACT. IN SHORT,  
WE ARE IN  
TROUBLE!

Jeff Hawke  
BY SIDNEY JORDAN

BUT NOW DID  
WE GET OVER  
AUSTRALIA, WHEN  
WE SHOULD BE  
OVER THE NORTH  
SEA...

WE'RE AT TEN  
THOUSAND FEET—  
RIGHT?—AND THERE'S  
NOTHING ON THE V.N.F.  
O.KAY, LET'S START  
CLIMBING...

... IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!  
IF THERE'S NOTHING, THIS  
CLOSE TO THE GROUND,  
IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE TOO  
FAR AWAY FROM  
ANYWHERE...

AND SO...

... BUT AT TWENTY  
THOUSAND FEET,  
WE MAY BE  
LUCKY!

THIS MUST BE  
WHAT CHICHESTER  
FELT LIKE, ON THE  
DAY HE CAPSIZED...

Jeff Hawke  
BY SIDNEY JORDAN

A LOST  
FREIGHTER,  
TWENTY  
THOUSAND  
FEET OVER  
CENTRAL  
AUSTRALIA  
MEADING  
NOWHERE...

O.KAY, NOW  
LET'S SEARCH  
THE RADIO...

SUDDEN, FAINT, FAROFF VOICES...

O.KAY, LET'S  
RING THEM UP,  
WHOEVER THEY  
ARE—

AT THIS ALTITUDE,  
WE SHOULD BE ABLE  
TO RAISE SOME  
AIRPORT—

—BUT WITH ONLY  
EIGHT HUNDRED MILES  
IN THE TANK, WHAT'S  
THE USE OF TALKING  
TO MELBOURNE, SAY—  
UNLESS THEY KNOW  
OF A LANDING  
GROUND—

HELLO, THERE!  
THIS IS AN  
AIRBORNE  
FREIGHTER—

Jeff Hawke  
BY SIDNEY JORDAN

GIVE BACK  
A CALL— SAY WE  
CAN'T SEE A  
DAMNED  
THING!

R.T.S.  
TO R.T.I.—  
COME IN!

R.T.I.  
TO R.T.S.,  
RECEIVING YOU.  
WHAT IS YOUR  
TRUN-BUL—  
IS

THE USUAL,  
M. DEAR, THE  
USUAL. WE ARE  
AT THE RIGHT SPOT,  
AND WE CAN'T SEE  
ANY PARACHUTE OR  
PAYLOAD? WILL YOU  
REPEAT THE CO-  
ORDINATES—?

AY RIGG YOUR  
PARR-DOHN?

THE CO-  
ORDINATES,  
JEANNIE—

—HELLO,  
THERE, THIS  
IS AN  
AIRBORNE  
FREIGHTER—

Jeff Hawke  
BY SIDNEY JORDAN

—COME IN,  
THIS IS AN  
AIRBORNE  
FREIGHTER—

AW, MISTER  
AREWRIGHT, YEW  
ARE NOT AY  
AIRBORNE  
FREIGHTER—

—HEY,  
WHAT'S ALL  
THAT?—

HAVING  
TROUBLE,  
JEANNIE?

AW, YOU KNOW THE  
BOYS, SIR— THEY CAN'T  
FIND THE SOCKET-HEAD,  
THEY'RE JUST CHECKING  
THE CO-ORDINATES!

TELL THEM  
TO GET ON  
WITH IT!

MISTER  
BENDOW SAYS  
AY MOST TELL  
YEW TO GET ON  
WITH IT!

FOR PETE'S  
SAKE, WILL YOU  
SHUT UP, AND  
LISTEN! THIS IS  
AN AIRBORNE  
FREIGHTER, LOST  
OVER CENTRAL  
AUSTRALIA—

Jeff Hawke  
BY SIDNEY JORDAN

JIMMY, WILL  
YOU COME OVER  
HERE AND LISTEN?  
THERE'S SOME-  
BODY ON  
OUR R.T.—

—IF YOU REQUIRE  
A REPETITION OF THE  
CO-ORDINATES—

—LOOK, GIRLIE,  
WILL YOU JUST  
CLAM UP FOR A  
MOMENT, AND  
RECEIVE—

O.KAY, WHO'S  
THAT ON OUR  
RADIO LINK?

AT LAST,  
SOME SENSE.  
THIS IS AN  
AIR-  
FREIGHTER. WE  
ARE LOST OVER  
CENTRAL  
AUSTRALIA—

—YEW  
BOYS!—

WE MUST FIND  
AN AIRSTRIP. CAN  
YOU HELP?

FOR PETE'S  
SAKE, DON'T TELL THEM  
WHERE WE'VE JUST  
COME FROM!

JEANNIE,  
SHUT UP  
AND BRING  
BENDOW!

—IF  
YEW  
BOYS—





# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FINKLELL

IN THE REMOTE AREA OF THE ISLAND OF COGNATH, A SECRET MOTIVE WITH A NEW TYPE OF CRYSTAL LINGERS SCORCHES THROUGH THE RAIN, SIGNIFYING OF A TEST...



WELL... YOU'VE DONE IT, SHE... CONGRATULATIONS!

I'LL LAY ODDS A GENTLE GOVERNMENT HOMER I'LL BETTLE FOR NOT MUCH MORE THAN THAT, TOO



YOU TELL ME, AND I'LL DECIDE WHETHER THE MOTIVE CALLS FOR—

HOW LISTEN (AS OVERSIGHT) OFFICER I'M TELLING YOU TO PUT MR. BELL HIMSELF ON THE LINE!

# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FINKLELL



WHAT THE HELL IS IT, SHARON?

I THINK MISS DALE HAS SOME NEWS FOR YOU, SIR



IT'S THE CHIEF SECURITY OFFICER—I'M SORRY, BUT HE INSISTS ON YOU SPEAKING TO HIM PERSONALLY, MR. BELL

DON'T HESITATE, I'LL DO JUST THAT



CARRON BELL HERE—NOW THERE'S NOTHING, REPEAT ANYTHING MY SECRETARY CAN'T DEAL WITH FOR ME! SHE'S THE BEST, AND SHE KNOWS EVERYTHING!

NOT QUITE EVERYTHING

# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FINKLELL



ALL RIGHT! SO YOU PICKED UP A COUPLE OF INDIAN SPIES WITH A LOAD OF CAMERA GEAR—YOU WANT ME TO PIN A MEDAL ON YOU?



NO, MR. BELL, I'VE GOT A MEDAL—I JUST FELT I SHOULD TELL YOU



TELL ME P. WHY? I DON'T SPEND YOUR \$400 WITH FORGIVENESS, DO I? SO DON'T BOTHER ME WITH YOUR JOB, YOU DOWN!

# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FINKLELL



IF THE PERFECT SECRETARY SAYS SO, I DON'T ARGUE... MAYBE TAKING A LOOK AT WHAT HE'S GOT WILL SMOOTH HIM DOWN

YOU WERE A LITTLE ROUGH WITH THAT SECURITY OFFICER, MR. BELL



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE HIT THEM PRETTY DAMN HARD... AND THEY WERE ARMED, TOO

YOUR BOYS DID A GOOD NAILING THEM



NOT MY BOYS, MR. BELL... A MAN AND A YOUNG WOMAN DID IT—IT'S BE FASCINATED TO KNOW NOW

SO WOULD I...

# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FINKLELL



GO AND SIT DOWN, WILLIS—I'LL BE READY TO SERVE IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES

I CAN'T SEE YOU ANYWHERE ON MY PRINCESS... YOU'RE CONNASCENT



TELL ME AS SOON AS IT'S DONE—THEN NOW SIT DOWN, SH?

WILLIS LOVES... GET AWAY FROM THE STONE AND DON'T BE DAMN SILLY



AT THE REMOTE STATION, SHARON DALE SPEAKS URGENTLY INTO A TELESCOPE DISGUISED AS A KINTY CUBE

RAINBOW CHANCE FRO 2—PRIORITY!

# MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FINKLELL



RAINBOW CALLING PRIORITY!



IT'S THE BLUE GIRL—CALL NOW! SHE'S FROM COGNATH UNDER IT'S URGENT



FRO 2 ANSWERING—GO AHEAD, RAINBOW

SWITCH THE SPEAKER ON, SOUTHERN—I WANT TO HEAR







